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Obſervations on ſome Traces of the Savage State among Poliſhed Nations, and Particulars relative to the Diſtrict of Saterland.

By Dr. L. MOREAU (de la Sarthe).

AMONG the curious facts and intereſting reſults found in the beſt voyages and travels, the philoſophic reader muſt remark with ſurpriſe thoſe great differences of civilization, thoſe contraſts of barbariſm and a poliſhed ſtate, under the ſame degree of latitude, in the ſame empire, and ſometimes in the ſame province. In France, dreary heaths, lands covered with thorns and briars, extend to the very gates of Nantes, one of its fineſt cities, and at the ſight of this oppoſition, the beholder is obliged to confeſs, with Arthur Young, that the opulence of the French towns has no connection with the proſperity of the country.

Various towns of the ſame province preſent a ſtill more ſtriking contraſt; and their inhabitants are as different from the peaſants of Lower Bretagne as from the Hottentots or Hurons, with regard to underſtanding and civilization. In the country, in general, the lower claſſes preſent to the eye of the obſerver ſmall half-civilized tribes, which retain almoſt all the cuſtoms peculiar to the early periods of ſocial life.

Every thing belonging to the ordinary arts of life exhibits, even ſtill more generally, examples of theſe great differences in the developement of perfectibility in the ſame nation. Thus in almoſt every part of the country, the peaſant, though not poor, neither knows how to feed nor to clothe himſelf; he does not even fully enjoy air and light; and his habitation, ſomewhat more regular, indeed, than the ſhed of the Otaheitan, is almoſt

as inconvenient as the ſmoky hut of the Laplander or Samoyede.

Here men and all the domeſtic animals are frequently crowded into the ſame apartment, which receives light only by the door, as I have obſerved in ſeveral villages of Poitou and Bretagne; and in general rural architecture has made ſo little progreſs in France, that there is reaſon to wonder that epidemic and contagious diſeaſes are not more frequent and deſtructive.

Even in the towns, the benefits of civilization are confined to the higher orders of ſociety, and reach the lower by very ſlow ſteps. At Paris, for inſtance, there is a particular variety of the human ſpecies, who regard vaccination, lightning-rods, inoculation, and economical ſoups, as audacious innovations; and in many, middle as well as lower, mothers, who never heard of Rouſſeau, continue, in ſpite of the illumination and philoſophy of the 19th century, to ſhackle and ſtifle their children out of exceſſive tenderneſs, or without fear, without remorſe, and almoſt without motive, deliver them up to the care of hireling nurſes.

It may, therefore, be aſſerted, in a general manner, that the common people participate but very ſlowly in the progreſs and advantages of the developement of perfectibility; that they long retain numerous veſtiges of ancient barbariſm, and that they are many ages behind the more fortunate and more enlightened claſſes in civilization and intelligence. Theſe differences are always more ſtriking in remote provinces, and in ſmall territories bounded and reſtricted in their communications by phyſical and moral cauſes. A great number of ſmall countries which are in this predicament, might be mentioned; and it may be proved, that even in Europe, and in the midſt of the moſt poliſhed empires, there exiſt countries whoſe inhabitants are ſtill in a kind of ſocial infancy, or who, preſerving their ancient habits, may be conſidered as living monuments, the obſervation of which affords information not leſs important to hiſtory than thoſe derived from the moſt celebrated ruins and antiquities.

Thus the inhabitants of Lower Bretagne have ſcarcely changed for ſeveral centuries, and ſtill retain the language and cuſtoms of the little colony which left the duchy of Cornwall, and took refuge on the coaſts of France. Their ancient manners and idiom keep them inſulated, and have hitherto proved an inſurmountable obſtacle to all improvement and to all communication. A peaſant of Lower Bretagne, placed all at once in the midſt of one of the great towns of France, would be as much aſtoniſhed and embarraſſed as a Huron or an Iroquois.—A ſingular inſtance of the truth of this aſſertion occurred a few years ago. A young peaſant of Lower Bretagne was carried off by ſome

ſome adventurers, who exhibited him at Paris as a man of the woods. He was treated very ill, and made to faſt a long time, that he might devour raw meat with the more avidity, and the better act the part of a ſavage. Some officers from the ſame part of the country happened to recognize the unfortunate youth, reſtored him to liberty, and procured the puniſhment of his unprincipled keepers.

I have been informed that in the vicinity of Hamp, on the ſummit of the Voſges, there exiſts in the midſt of a foreſt a ſmall ſociety, the individuals of which are uncommonly handſome, and are the genuine deſcendants of the Gauls. They live perfectly inſulated, and ſcarcely knew, a few years ſince, that any revolution had taken place in France.

The articles, manners, marriage, and medicine, in the ſtatiſtical account of the department of Deux Sevres, by M. Dupin, might eaſily be taken for chapters of travels in diſtant regions, in which are deſcribed the manners of men ſcarcely arrived at the commencement of civilization.

" The peaſants of the department of Deux Sevres (ſays the author juſt mentioned) never ſend for a phyſician excepting in deſperate caſes. They have faith in ſorcery. A ſickneſs is a ſpell which has been put upon them, and they apply to the cunning man for relief.

" External diſorders are cured by the touch. If a peaſant ſtrains his ancle, the toucher is ſent for; he provides himſelf with a hatchet, and ſtrikes a furious blow on the ground between the legs of the patient. He has killed the cat, and the peaſant is cured; for it was an inviſible cat which had faſtened on the poor fellow's leg, and cauſed him ſo much pain. The peaſant has the ſame prejudices with reſpect to his cattle! being convinced that the illneſs has been occaſioned by witchcraft, he applies to a conjuror to counteract its effect: the cunning man poſſeſſes all his confidence, and the veterinary practitioner is diſmiſſed."

The marriages uſually take place in autumn, and the formalities obſerved on theſe occaſions are very ſingular. After ſome of them have been performed, the bride goes to the gueſts, and receives from each a kiſs and a piece of money.—After breakfaſt they prepare to go to church; but before ſhe ſets off, or by the way, the bride drops a few tears of etiquette. After the concluſion of the ceremony, her young companions preſent her with an enormous noſegay, at the ſame time ſinging a ſong, which has undergone no variation for three hundred years, and in which all the difficulties ſhe will meet with in houſekeeping are enumerated.—The remainder of the day, part of the night, and the ſucceeding day, are employed in practices equally abſurd, and which would powerfully attract attention if we were to meet with them among ſavage nations.

According to Brydone, the religious ceremonies, and eſpecially thoſe relative to marriage, are extremely ancient, and truly barbarous, in the wild and mountainous parts of Sicily. Thus, when the nuptial benediction is pronounced, two of the company put into the mouths of the new married couple two great ſpoonfuls of honey, and then throw over them a handful of corn, in alluſion to the ſweetneſs of the conjugal union, and the fecundity of the youthful couple. The bride and bridegroom muſt not touch the victuals prepared for the occaſion; but when the repaſt is almoſt finiſhed, one of the neareſt relations of the female preſents a bone to the huſband, ſaying, "Gnaw this bone, for you have taken one which will be much more difficult to digeſt." They avoid marrying in the month of May, ſuch unions being accounted extremely unlucky.

In ſome parts of Ireland and Scotland, but particularly in the Hebrides, other cuſtoms and ſingularities are obſerved, which prove that the barbariſm of the early periods of civilization may be ſtudied and diſcovered amidſt the moſt poliſhed nations. We ſhall conclude theſe reflections with a few details relative to a ſmall diſtrict, forgotten in almoſt every map, and overlooked by almoſt all geographers.

This country, the ſmall canton of Saterland, which was recently viſited by the Rev. Dr. Hoche, of Ronninghauſen, who has furniſhed copious details reſpecting it in his tour through Saterland, Eaſt Frieſeland, and Groningen, printed in the German language at Bremen, is incloſed between two ſmall rivers, the Oh and the Marka, and is ſurrounded on every ſide by marſhes and heaths. It is fifteen miles in length, and ſix in breadth. A learned ſociety, not more than fifty miles from the ſpot, had not, previous to the appearance of this publication, any idea of its exiſtence.

According to the traveller to whom we are indebted for theſe details, the inhabitants of this country are deſcendants of ſome emigrants from Frieſeland, who abandoned that country in the ninth century, on occaſion of the bloody converſion of the natives to Chriſtianity by Pepin and Charlemagne.

This tribe is divided among ſix villages, forming three pariſhes, dependent on the biſhop of Munſter. The language of the country is the ancient dialect of Frieſeland. The inhabitants of Saterland reckon the time by nights, and have retained ſeveral other cuſtoms of the ancient Germans. They pay no impoſts, and occupy themſelves in hunting and fiſhing. They are tolerant, and exerciſe hoſpitality with great willingneſs and diſintereſtedneſs.

The women, as among all thoſe nations in which civilization has made but little progreſs, are kept in a kind of ſlavery, and are obliged to perform the moſt laborious duties. The men employ themſelves in the chace, and ſometimes make long voyages

ages in their boats. The venereal diſeaſe has not yet penetrated into this little canton: the ſmall-pox is very mild, and the people are ſtrangers to phyſicians.

The country contains no poor; the burgomaſters furniſh the indigent, who are very few in number, with the means of exiſtence, and widows and orphans every where find friends and protectors.

The natives of Saterland intermarry only among themſelves, and never till they had attained their full vigour, which has doubtleſs contributed to the very remarkable beauty of their perſons. They have many extremely ancient popular ſongs, the tunes of which are not without merit.—They are uncommonly fond of a ſtory, of which the following is an outline:—A young and beautiful female accompanied her father to Embden, where ſhe ſaw a captain of a ſhip, who inſpired her heart with the moſt violent paſſion. She embarked, and accompanied him in the dreſs of a ſailor. The inhabitants of Saterland, meanwhile, ſhared in the exceſſive grief of the father for her loſs. The diſguiſed lover makes ſeven voyages to India, is ſtill a prey to her paſſion, and is always unfortunate in her innocent endeavours to diſcloſe it. At length ſhe has an opportunity of ſaving the life of her beloved, who diſcovers and marries her.

Much of Dr. Hoche's information was furniſhed by Henry Wilmſen, a venerable old man of eighty-nine years, whoſe underſtanding and experience are juſtly appreciated by all his countrymen. I ſhall here terminate theſe conſiderations and reſearches, hoping they may be continued by ſome more able, philoſophic obſerver.

Experience has doubtleſs ſufficiently convinced us, that it is dangerous to introduce too ſuddenly the illumination of reaſon and philoſophy among the lower orders of mankind. But might not the people be rendered more happy without enlightening them too ſuddenly? Could not the traces of barbariſm, and of a ſavage ſtate, which ſtill exiſt among the moſt poliſhed nations, be more rapidly eraſed? Could not the bleſſings of civilization be thus more uniformly diſtributed; and by gradually introducing among the inhabitants of the country thoſe advantages which the progreſs of knowledge impart, might not the interval which ſeparates them from the poliſhed and happy portion of the nation be filled up?

AN ANECDOTE.

A pariſh-clerk in the north of England, not long ago hired a Scotchman for his ſervant, who was to go at the cart and plough, and do other occaſional jobs when wanted. In the courſe

courſe of converſation at hiring, the clerk aſked, if he could ſubmit to the unpleaſant buſineſs of digging graves? to which he exclaimed, "I'll warrant ye, maſter, I cou'd dig down the kirk for that matter; our auld bellman at Jedburgh us'd to ſay he never had better pay, nor better jobs than howking holes for fouk." It happened, ſoon after entering his ſervice, that there was a heavy fall of ſnow, which impeded all out door-labour—one morning he came to his maſter, and aſked him what employment he was to go to that day. The employer heſitated for ſome moments, and at laſt told him he could find nothing for him to do. Sawney, with great gravity, replied, "I think, maſter, I'll away up to the kirk-yard and howk a few graves; we may as weel ha'e a wheen ready, for they may come faſter in when they ken we are prepared for them."

Extracts from a Letter to James Willes, Eſq. of Everſhall, Bedfordſhire, on the Subject of the Plague which raged in Weſt Barbary, in the Year 1799, and which is conſidered to have been the Root of the preſent Calamities prevailing in Spain, the Weſt Indies, &c.

YOUR letter reached my hands yeſterday, but I am afraid I ſhall not be able to ſatisfy every enquiry which you have made relative to the plague of Weſt Barbary in 1799; the following obſervations may, however, be of ſervice to you.

It does not appear to be aſcertained, how the plague originated in Fez, in 1779; ſome perſons have attributed it to infected merchandize brought from the eaſtern countries to Fez, whilſt others maintain that the locuſts, which had infeſted Weſt Barbary during ſeven years, deſtroying the crops, the vegetables, and every green thing, even to the bark of the trees, produced ſuch a woeful ſcarcity, that the poor could obtain ſcarcely any thing to eat, but the dead locuſts, and living on them for ſeveral months, till a moſt abundant crop enabled them to ſatisfy the cravings of nature, they eat abundantly of the new corn, which producing fever brought on the epidemy.

At this time the ſmall pox pervaded the country, and was generally fatal; this diſorder is thought by ſome perſons to be the forerunner of this ſpecies of plague, according to an Arabic manuſcript, which gives an account of the ſame diſorder having carried off two thirds of the inhabitants of Weſt Barbary about 400 years ſince, but however this dreadful epidemy originated the leading features of the diſorder were novel and more dreadful than thoſe of the plague of Turkey and Egypt, as the following obſervations will demonſtrate.

In the month of April, 1799, the plague of the moſt alarming kind manifeſted itſelf in Fez, when the emperor of Morocco, Muley Soliman, was preparing a powerful army to viſit his ſouthern dominions, and to take poſſeſſion of Saffy and Abda, which had been previouſly in a ſtate of rebellion. The emperor left Fez in the ſummer, and proceeded to Salee, Rabat, and Mazagan. Three days after the arrival of the army at theſe places, they ſeverally received the infection from Mazagan. A detachment of the army proceeded to Morocco, another to Tarodant; the tract of both theſe detachments was marked with infection, three days after the army had halted at the different douars of Arabs or habitations on the road. The grand diviſion, accompanied by the emperor, proceeded to Saffy, Mogodar, and Morocco, carrying with it the infection which appeared regularly the third day after the arrival of the army at the ſeveral places of ſojournment.

The mortality began by carrying off one or two the firſt day, three or four the ſecond day, eight the third day, ſixteen the fourth day, and ſo on progreſſively, doubling itſelf every day, till it amounted to a daily mortality, of two in a hundred of the whole population, continuing with unabated violence for ten or fifteen days, being of no longer duration in old than in new towns, and then decreaſing gradually from a thouſand a day to nine hundred, to eight hundred, and ſo on till it diſappeared. When it raged at Mogodar, a ſmall village (Diabeth) ſituated two miles S. E. of Mogodar, remained uninfected, although the communication was open between theſe two places; on the thirty-fourth day after its firſt appearance at Modogar, this village received the infection, which, after committing dreadful havoc for twenty-one days, carried off one hundred perſons out of one hundred and thirty-three, the population of the village before the plague viſited it, then it ceaſed, and thoſe who remained infected recovered, ſome loſing the uſe of a leg, or an arm, or an eye.

The ſmall villages of Chelews, which are ſcattered about the large provinces of Hatra, all ſhared the like or a worſe fate. I have paſſed through many villages which flouriſhed before the plague, but were afterwards quite deſerted and in ruins. When I made enquiry concerning the population of theſe remains of the peſtilence, I was told that one village contained ſix hundred ſouls, and that only three or four had eſcaped, other villages contained two or three hundred ſouls, leaving twelve or twenty, a few more or leſs, to relate the diſmal ſtory of what they had ſeen and ſuffered.

A populous village between Cape Cantin and Saffy, and about a mile and a half from the latter place, was not infected till the plague had deſtroyed one fourth of the population of Saffy, the communication being open all the time; then it began rapidly

pidly deſtroying mankind, till nine tenths of the population were carried off. Whenever any families retired to the country to avoid the infection, on their return to town, when the diſtemper had nearly ceaſed amongſt the inhabitants, they were generally attacked and died. The deſtruction of the human ſpecies in the province of Sus, was greater than elſewhere; the capital of this provice, Terodant, loſt ſeven or eight hundred a day, the town of Morocco from eight hundred to a thouſand, Fez, twelve hundred, at the time when the epidemy was at its zenith. In theſe extenſive cities the mortality was ſuch that the living had not time to bury the dead, they were conſequently thrown all together into one large pit or grave. The population of Mogodar, previous to the plague, was

6500 Mahommedans.
1800 Jews.
40 Chriſtians.

The plague raged about four months, and carried off

4000 Mahommedans.
900 Jews.
3 Chriſtians.

Young, robuſt, and healthy perſons, were generally attacked firſt, then women and children, laſtly ſickly, old people, who had little ſtamina left in the conſtitution, for the plague to act on.

After the diſappearance of the epidemy, it was wonderful to ſee the changes of fortune; we ſaw men who had been common labourers, now enjoying their thouſands of dollars, and keeping their horſes. Proviſions became extremely cheap, for the flocks had been left in the fields without any owner; a fine blood ſtallion would ſell for ten dollars, a cow two dollars, a ſheep for half a dollar; day labour increaſed more than in a quadruple proportion, never was equality in the human ſpecies more evident than at this time; when bread was to be made, or corn ground, both was done in the houſes of the rich, and both were prepared by them, for the very few poor working people which the plague ſpared, were inſufficient for the wants of the affluent, ſo that they were obliged to work for themſelves or go without ſuſtenance.

The country being now ſo much depopulated, vaſt tribes of Arabs poured into Sus and Drah from Sahara, ſettling themſelves on the banks of the river Drah, in Sus, and wherever they found a deficiency of population.

The ſymptoms of this diſorder varied in different patients, in ſome it manifeſted itſelf by a ſudden ſhivering, in others by delirium, both being ſucceeded by a violent thirſt for cold water, which being drank by the imprudent, generally proved fatal. Some had one, two, three or more bites, generally in the groin, under the arm, or about the joints or on the breaſt, ſome had

none, the latter were invariably carried off. I recommended Mr. Baldwin's remedy of olive oil, applied according to his directions, and I do not know one inſtance of its failing. I have not the ſmalleſt doubt, but the epidemy which has been ravaging Spain lately, is the ſame with the one above deſcribed, but whether it was communicated by two infected perſons, who went from Tangier to Eſtapena, and eluded the vigilance of the guards, or whether it was communicated by infected perſons a-board of a veſſel, which loaded produce at Laraiche for Cadiz, or whether a Spaniſh privateer which had occaſion to land its crew for water in Barbary, and catching the infection took it to Cadiz, or in what other manner it has been communicated to Europe, and how it has lain dormant for ſome months in Spain, remains yet to be aſcertained.

Sir William Jones's Account of his Excurſion from Oxford to Foreſt Hill, the occaſional Reſidence of Milton, addreſſed to Lady Spencer.

September 7, 1769.

THE neceſſary trouble of correcting the firſt printed ſheets of my hiſtory, prevented me to-day from paying a proper reſpect to the memory of Shakeſpear, by attending his jubilee. But I was reſolved to do all the honour in my power to ſo great a poet; and ſet out in the morning, in company with a friend, to viſit a place where Milton ſpent ſome part of his life, and where, in all probability, he compoſed ſeveral of his earlieſt productions.

It is a ſmall village, ſituated on a pleaſant hill, about three miles from Oxford, and called Foreſt Hill, becauſe it formerly lay contiguous to a foreſt, which has ſince been cut down. The poet choſe this place of retirement after his firſt marriage, and he deſcribes the beauties of his retreat in that fine paſſage of his L'Allegro:

" Sometimes walking, not unſeen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green
* * * * *
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk maid ſinging blithe,
And the mower whets his ſcythe,
And ev'ry ſhepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleaſures,
Whilſt the landſcape round it meaſures:

Ruſſet lawns and fallows grey,
Where the nibling flocks do ſtray;—
Mountains, on whoſe barren breaſt
The lab'ring clouds do often reſt;
Meadows trim, with daiſies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it ſees,
Boſomed high in tufted trees.
* * * * *
Hard by a cottage chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks, &c."

It was neither the proper ſeaſon of the year, nor time of the day to hear all the rural ſounds, and ſee all the objects mentioned in this deſcription; but by a pleaſing concurrence of circumſtances we were ſaluted, upon our approach to the village, with the muſic of the mower and his ſcythe; we ſaw the ploughman intent upon his labour, and the milkmaid returning from her country employment.

As we aſcended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable ſtillneſs and natural ſimplicity of the whole ſcene, gave us the higheſt pleaſure. We at length reached the ſpot whence Milton undoubtedly took moſt of his images; it is on the top of the hill, from which there is a moſt extenſive proſpect on all ſides: the diſtant mountains that ſeemed to ſupport the clouds, the villages and turrets, partly ſhaded with trees of the fineſt verdure, and partly raiſed above the groves that ſurrounded them, the dark plains and meadows of a greyiſh colour, where the ſheep were feeding at large; in ſhort, the view of the ſtreams and rivers, convinced us that there was not a ſingle uſeleſs or idle word, in the abovementioned deſcription, but that it was a moſt exact and lively repreſentation of nature. Thus will this fine paſſage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactneſs. After we had walked, with a kind of poetical enthuſiaſm, over this enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

The poet's houſe was cloſe to the church: the greateſt part of it has been pulled down, and what remains belongs to an adjacent farm. I am informed that ſeveral papers in Milton's own hand were found by the gentleman who was laſt in poſſeſſion of the eſtate. The tradition of his having lived there is current among the villagers: one of them ſhewed us a ruinous wall that made part of his chamber; and I was much pleaſed with another who had forgotten the name of Milton, but recollected him by the title of The Poet.

It muſt not be omitted that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are ſo elegantly deſcribed in the Penſeroſo. Moſt of the cottage windows are overgrown with

ſweetbriars,

ſweetbriars, vines, and honey-ſuckles; and that Milton's habitation had the ſame ruſtic ornament we may conclude from his deſcription of the lark bidding him good-morrow.

" Thro' the ſweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twiſted eglantine:"

for it is evident that he meant a ſort of honey-ſuckle by the eglantine; though that word is commonly uſed for the ſweet-briar, which he could not mention twice in the ſame couplet.

If ever I paſs a month or ſix weeks at Oxford in the ſummer, I ſhall be inclined to hire and repair this venerable manſion, and to make a feſtival for a circle of friends in honour of Milton, the moſt perfect ſcholar, as well as the ſublimeſt poet, that our country ever produced. Such an honour will be leſs ſplendid, but more ſincere and reſpectful than all the pomp and ceremony on the banks of the Avon.

I have the honour, &c.

Deſcription of a Britiſh Ship built in 1637.

[From Charnock's Hiſtory of Marine Architecture.]

THE following is the concluſion of a very ſcarce little piece, inſcribed to Charles I. by Thomas Heywood, and entitled, " A true Deſcription of his Majeſty's royal Ship, built this Year, 1637, at Woolwich, in Kent, to the great Glory of the Engliſh Nation, and not to be paralleled in the whole Chriſtian World"; to which is prefixed a portrait of the ſhip. The firſt forty pages conſiſt of uſeleſs obſervations on the navigation of the early ages, and abound with thoſe quaint flouriſhes which were common at the time it was written.—For the tedioufneſs, and other faults of this extract, the exactneſs of the deſcription will be a ſufficient apology.

" Upon the beak head ſitteth royall King Edgar on horſeback, trampling upon ſeven kings: now what hee was, and who they were, I ſhall briefly relate unto you, rendring withall a full ſatisfactory reaſon to any unpartiall reader why they are there, and in that manner placed.

" Upon the ſtemine head there is a Cupid, or a child reſembling him, beſtriding and bridling a lyon, which importeth, that, ſufference may curb inſolence, and innocence reſtraine violence, which alludeth to the great mercy of the king, whoſe type is a proper embleme of that great majeſty, whoſe mercy is above all his workes. On the bulk head right forward ſtand ſix ſeverall ſtatues in ſundry poſtures, their figures repreſenting Conſilium, that is, Counſell; Cura, that is, Care; Conamen, that is, Induſ-

try: and unanimous endeavours in one compartement: Counſell holding in her hand a cloſed or folded ſcrole, Care a ſea compaſſe, Conamen, or Induſtry, a lint ſtock fired. Upon the other, to correſpond with the former, Vis, which implyeth Force, or Strength, handing a ſword; Virtus, or Virtue, a ſphearicall globe: and Victoria, or Victory, a wreath of lawrell. The moral is, that in all high enterprizes there ought to be firſt, Counſell to undertake, then Care to manage, and Induſtry to performe; and in the next place, where there is ability and ſtrength to oppoſe, and vertue to direct, Victory conſequently is allwayes at hand ready to crown the undertaking. Upon the hances of the waſte are four figures, with their ſeverall properties: Jupiter riding upon his eagle, with his triſulk, from which hee darteth thunder, in his hand; Mars, with his ſword and target, a foxe being his embleme; Neptune, with his ſea-horſe, dolphin, and trident; and laſtly Æolus upon a camelion, a beaſt that liveth onely by the ayre, with the foure windes his miniſters or agents: the eaſt called Eurus, Subſolanus, and Apeliotes; the north winde, Septemtrio, Aquilo, or Boreas; the weſt, Zephyrus, Favonius, Lybs, and Africus; the ſouth, Auſter, or Notus.

"I come now to the ſterne, where you may pereceive upon the upright of the upper counter ſtandeth Victory, in the middle of a frontiſpiece, with this general motto, *Validis incumbite remis.* It is ſo plaine, that I ſhall not need to give it an Engliſh interpretation. Her wings are equally diſplay'd: on one arm ſhe weareth a crowne, on the other a laurell, which imply riches and honour: in her two hands ſhe holdeth two mottos, her right hand, which pointeth to Jaſon, beares this inſcription, *Nava;* which word howſoever by ſome, and thoſe not the leaſt opinionated of themſelves, miſtaken, was abſolutely extermin'd and excommunicated from a grammatical conſtruction, nay juriſdiction, for they would not allow it to be verbe or abverbe, ſubſtantive nor adjective; and for this, I have not onely behind my back bin challenged, but even *viva-voce* taxed as one that had writ at randum, and that which I underſtood not. But to give the world a plenary ſatisfaction, and that it was rather their criticiſme than my ignorance, I entreate the reader but to examine Rider's laſt edition of his dictionary, corrected and greatly augmented by Mr. Francis Holyoke, and he ſhall there read *navo, navas;* and therefore conſequently *nava* in the imperative mood ſignifies a command to imploy all one's power to act, to ayde, to helpe, to indeavour with all diligence and induſtry, and therefore not unproperly may victory point to Jaſon, being figured with his oare in his hand, as being the prime Argonaut, and ſay, *nava,* or more plainely, *operam nava;* for in thoſe emblematicall mottoes there is allways a part underſtood. Shee pointeth to Hercules on the ſiniſter ſide, with his club in his hand, with this motto,

motto, *Clava*, as if ſhe would ſay, O Hercules, be thou as valiant with thy club upon the land as Jaſon is induſtrious with his oare upon the water. Hercules againe pointing to Æolus, the god of windes, ſaith, *Flato*, who anſwereth him againe, *Flo*. Jaſon pointing to Neptune, the god of the ſeas, riding upon a ſea-horſe, ſaith, *Faveto*, to whom Neptune anſwereth, *No*. Theſe words *Flo* and *No* were alſo much excepted at, as if there had been no ſuch Latine words, till ſome better examining their grammar rules, found out *Flo, flas, flavi*, proper to Æolus, and *No, nas, navi*, to Neptune, &c.

" In the lower counter of the ſterne, on either ſide of the helme, is this inſcription :—

" Qui mare, qui fluctus, ventos, naveſque gubernat,
" Sospitet hanc arcam Carole magne tuam."

Thus engliſht :

He who ſeas, windes, and navies doth protect
Great Charles, thy great ſhip in her courſe direct !

" There are other things in this veſſel worthye remarke, at leaſt, if not admiration : namely, that one tree of oake made foure of the principall beames of this great ſhip, which was forty-foure-foote of ſtrong and ſerviceable timber in length, three foote diameter at the top, and ten foote diameter at the ſtubbe, or bottome. Another as worthy of eſpeciall obſervation is, that one piece of timber, which made the kelſon, was ſo great and weighty, that twenty-eight oxen and four horſes with much difficulty drew it from the place where it grew, and from whence it was cut down unto the water ſide.

" There is one thing above all theſe for the world to take eſpeciall notice of, that ſhee is beſides tunnage juſt ſo many tuns in burden as their have beene yeares ſince our bleſſed Saviour's incarnation, namely, 1637, and not one under or over. A moſt happy omen, which though it was not the firſt projected or intended, is now by true computation found ſo to happen. It would bee too tedious to inſiſt upon every ornament belonging to this incomparable veſſel, yet thus much concerning her outward appearance. She hath two galleries of a ſide, and all parts of the ſhip are carved alſo with trophies of artillery, and types of honour, as well belonging to land as ſea, with ſymboles, emblemes, and impreſſes appertaining to the art of navigation ; as alſo, their two ſacred majeſties badges of honour, armes, eſchutcheons, &c. with ſeverall angels, holding their letters in compartments : all which workes are gilded quite over, and no other colour but gold and blacke to bee ſeene about her ; and thus much, in a ſuccinct way, I have delivered unto you concerning

her

her inward and outward decorements. I come now to deſcribe her in her exact dimenſion.

" Her length by the keele is 128 foote, or thereabout, within ſome few inches. Her mayne breadth or wideneſſe from ſide to ſide 48 foote. Her utmoſt length from the fore end of the ſterne, *a prora ad puppim*, 232 foote. She is in height, from the bottome of her keele to the top of her lanthorne, 76 foote. She beareth five lanthornes, the biggeſt of which will hold ten perſons to ſtand upright, and without ſhouldring or preſſing one the other.

" She hath three fluſh deckes and a forecaſtle, an halfe decke, a quarter decke, and a round houſe. Her lower tyre hath thirty ports, which are to be furniſhed with demi-cannon and whole cannon throughout, being able to beare them. Her middle tyre hath alſo thirty ports for demi-culverin, and whole culverin. Her third tyre hath twentie-ſixe ports for other ordnance. Her forecaſtle hath twelve ports, and her halfe decke hath fourteene ports. She hath thirteene or fourteene ports more within board for murdering peeces, beſides a great many loope-holes out of the cabins for muſket-ſhot. She carrieth moreover ten pieces of chaſe ordnance in her right forward, and ten right aff, that is, according to land ſervice, in the front and the reare. She carrieth eleaven anchors, one of them weighing four thouſand four hundred, &c. and according to theſe are her cables, maſtes, ſaylès, cordage, which conſidered together, ſeeing his majeſty is at this infinite charge, both for the honour of this nation, and the ſecurity of this kingdome, it ſhould bee a great ſpur and encouragement to all his faithful and loving ſubjects to be liberall and willing contributaries towards the ſhip money.

" I come now to give you a particular denomination of the prime workemen imployed in this inimitable fabricke: as firſt, Captayne Phineas Pett, overſeer of the worke, and one of the principal officers of his majeſties navy, whoſe anceſtors, as father, grandfather, and great grand-father, for the ſpace of two hundred yeares and upwards, have continued in the ſame name officers and architectures in the royall navy, of whoſe knowledge, experience, and judgement, I cannot render a merited character.

" The maiſter builder is young Mr. Peter Pett, the moſt ingenious ſonne of ſo much improved a father, who, before he was full five and twenty yeares of age made the model, and ſince hath perfected the worke, which hath won not only the approbation but admiration of all men; of whom I may truely ſay, as Horace did of Argus, that famous ſhip-maſter, who built the great Argo, in which the Grecian princeſſe rowed through the Helleſpont, to fetch the golden fleece from Colchos:

" ——Ad

" ——Ad charum tritonia devolat Argum
" Moliri hanc puppim jubet.————"

That is, Pallas herſelfe flew into his boſome, and not only injoyn'd him to the undertaking, but inſpired him in the managing of ſo exquiſite and abſolute an architecture.

" Let me not here forget a prime officer, maſter Francis Skelton, clerke of the checke, whoſe induſtry and care in looking to the workmen imploy'd in this ſtructure, had been a great furtherance to expedite the buſineſſe.

" The maſter carvers are John and Mathias Chriſtmas, the ſonnes of that excellent workeman maſter Gerard Chriſtmas, ſome two yeeres ſince deceaſed, who, as they ſucceed him in his place, ſo they have ſtriv'd to exceed him in his art, the worke better commending them than my pen is any way able; and I make no queſtion, but all true artiſts can, by the view of the worke, give a preſent nomination of the workemen.

" The maſter painters, maſter joyner, maſter calker, maſter ſmith, &c. all of them in their ſeverall faculties being knowne to bee the prime workemen of the kingdome, were ſelectedly imploy'd in this ſervice."

ACCOUNT *of an* AMERICAN VOYAGE.

WE ſelect the following paſſage from the French account of a voyage to America, recently publiſhed at Paris: " Among the different ſects which exiſt in Kentucky, thoſe of the methodiſts and the anabaptiſts are the moſt numerous. The religious influenza," ſays he, " has acquired a new degree of force, within the laſt ſeven or eight years, among the inhabitants of the country places; for, independently of the Sundays, which are ſcrupulouſly obſerved, they aſſemble, in the ſummer ſeaſon, on the week days, to hear preachings, which laſt, by prorogation, for ſeveral days together. Theſe aſſemblages, which o ten conſiſt of two or three thouſand perſons, and to which they flock from ten or fifteen miles round about, take place in the woods.

Each individual brings his proviſions with him, and they paſs the night round lighted fires. The miniſters uſe much vehemence in their diſcourſes. Often, in the middle of theſe ſermons, the paſſions become worked upon, the fancy and imagination are exalted, and the inſpired votaries fall down, crying out, " Glory! glory!" It is principally among the women that this ſpecies of inſpiration is manifeſted; they are then carried out of the crowd, and placed under a tree, where they remain a long time proſtrate, heaving the deepeſt ſighs. Sometimes two

hundred

hundred perſons may drop down in theſe aſſemblies, ſo that one part of the congregation is employed in attending and relieving them. The moſt enlightened perſons," ſays the author, who reſided ſome time at Lexington, " do not imbibe the opinions of the multitude, with reſpect to this ſtate of ecſtaſy, which often draws down upon them the name of " bad folks;" but the whole of this intolerance goes no farther. The times of preaching excepted, there rarely occur any diſputes about religion among the people. Although divided into a number of ſects, they live together in the greateſt harmony; and in the matter of making alliances between families, the difference of religion forms no obſtacle. The huſband and the wife follow the mode of worſhip which their choice approves of; and children, as they grow up, do the ſame, without encountering any obſtacles from their fathers or mothers."

The following is the author's account of the inhabitants of the country of the Ohio: " The coloniſts eſtabliſhed on the banks of the magnificent river of the Ohio have all the advantages of property, without experiencing its diſquietudes.—The field which they ſow, and which furniſhes the means of their ſubſiſtence, is ſcarcely incloſed with a hedge, but no uſurpations ever take place; the houſes are conſtructed with trunks of trees, and ſhut up with a latch, but no robberies are committed; here are no laws, tribunals, or capital puniſhments, and yet nothing is more rare among them than a crime. Partaking of the independence of their owners, the cattle ramble, and find food in the foreſts, for a number of days together, without any one to conduct or ſuperintend them. They return afterwards to their ſtables; a ſimple mark upon the year deſignates the different proprietaries, and even this mark is always found unneceſſary.

" When a farmer on the banks of the Ohio does not like a piece of ground which he has occupied, and he expects to find one more fertile, he beſtows himſelf, his family, and agricultural inſtruments, in a pirogue, or large canoe, and ſails down the river, till he finds a new ſoil congenial to his wiſhes. He acquires the poſſeſſion of it for a trifling charge; and there he eſtabliſhes his penates, or family and houſehold. Some, from their natural inconſtancy, are frequently changing their habitations; and paſs their lives in peregrinating the banks of the Ohio, without fixing any where. Theſe coloniſts have their prejudices, as what all men are ſubject to: and, beſides, from being all Europeans by their origin, a region fertile in errors," ſays the author; " but theſe prejudices are unattended with any baneful effects. The laborious activity of their way of living leaves no time to ſuperſtitious ideas to develope or to ferment in their minds."

BON MOTS.

A Gentleman lately complimented a lady on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of flattery," ſaid the lady. "Not ſo," replied the gentleman, "for I vow you are as *plump as a partridge.*"—"At firſt," rejoined the lady, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but now I find you actually make *game* of me."

THE ſon of a ſhoemaker, holding a commiſſion in a volunteer corps, took occaſion, rather arrogantly, to reproach one of the privates, while at exerciſe, with the aukwardneſs of his walk. "It is no wonder," replied the private, "*as the laſt pair of ſhoes your father made me, pinch ſo confoundedly, that I find it difficult to walk at all.*"

REMARKS *on the* RATTLESNAKE.

IN Dr. Barton's memoir concerning the faſcinating faculty which has been aſcribed to the rattle-ſnake, and other American ſerpents, it is proved by a variety of facts, that the motions of birds, which have been attributed to a faſcinating power in the eyes of ſerpents, are, in reality, calculated to drive away the reptiles from the birds' young, or to divert their attention from the neſt.

The author tells us that the rattle-ſnake is not a hardy animal; that a very ſlight ſtroke on any part of its body diſables it from running at all, and the ſlighteſt blow on the top of the head is followed by inſtant death. The ſkull-bone is remarkably thin and brittle; ſo much ſo indeed, that it is thought a ſtroke from the wing of a thruſh, or even of a robin, would be ſufficient to break it.

The ſubſtance of this memoir is confirmed in another paper by M. de Beauvois, who aſſerts alſo, from his own obſervation, that the young rattle-ſnakes conceal themſelves in the belly of the female at the approach of danger, into which they enter by the mouth.

The wonderful varieties of nature afford to the reflecting mind a ſtriking proof of the infinite power, wiſdom, and goodneſs of the Almighty Creator.

A QUESTION, *by R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh.*

THE depth of a conic wine glaſs is 2.2978125 inches. Required its diameter, when it holds one third of a noggin, wine meaſure.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A WINTER PIECE.

NOW winter, with an iron hand,
Quite deſolates our fertile land;
So piercing is the northern blaſt,
It lays the verdant landſcape waſte.
And ſee! how ſhorten'd is the day,
As Phœbus ſcarcely doth diſplay
A gleam of his tranſcendant light,
To ſeparate the day from night:
But with an aſpect dim and ſhy,
Treads the ſouth margin of the ſky.

Now howling winds a tempeſt blow;
The rains deſcend, the waters flow;
The rivers ſwell; the channels claſh,
And on the beach their billows daſh;
The ocean rears his angry head,
Which ſtrikes the mariner with dread;
Then throws his bark, with dripping ſhrouds,
Up to the low impending clouds:
Then whirls her down the pond'rous ſteep,
Between the rolling mountains deep;
Secluded low from human ſight
The ſailors reel in dread affright.

The day is joyleſs, void of reſt;
The night's in pitchy darkneſs dreſs'd;
With black confuſion on her brow,
As if ſhe lay in chaos now:
Yet ſoon her bitter gloom and ſpleen
Will change unto a pleaſing ſcene;
The rains are o'er, the tempeſts ceaſe,
The watry world is lull'd to peace;
All order'd by kind providence,
Who doth for good all things diſpenſe.

See what a change has taken place,
Now all is dignity and grace!
The pale-ey'd morn preſents to view,
A ſilver ſcene of pleaſures new;
The trees, in virgin white, diſplay
Their downy plumes on every ſpray;
The hoary brake, the glitt'ring waſte,
Are powder'd o'er with matchleſs taſte:
Yet ſee! how tranſient is its doom,
In morn how gay! all fled at noon!
Emblem of beauty's charming flow'r,
That oft decays within an hour.

Now night takes up her wand'ring ſong,
And Heſperus heads the ſtarry throng;
While Luna beams her borrow'd light
To diſſipate the gloom of night.
Stern Boreas, from the angry north,
Shoots his keen-ſharpen'd arrows forth:

While nipping blaſts around us roll,
Hurl'd from the diſtant arctic pole:
The waters are to ice congeal'd,
And from the thirſty cattle ſeal'd.

Now on the ſurface of the lake,
What numbers meet, there to partake
Of rural ſports, that winter brings,
And ſkim the ice as if they'd wings.
The beaus, with ſkaits of mimic art,
Along the cryſtal pavement dart;
Then runs the clown, with luſty ſtrides,
And oft he ſtrikes—not far he ſlides,
Before he headlong falls, alas!
Extended on the bed of glaſs.

The ſportſman riſes with the ſun,
And takes his ſteed, his dogs, and gun;
In ſearch of game he bends his way,
'Till evening crowns the joyous day.

But now the leaden coloured ſky,
Beſpeaks an alteration nigh;
The air is dim with ſullen woe;
The clouds are heavy, fraught with ſnow:
Which firſt in ſcatter'd ſhreds come bound
In ſofteſt ſilence to the ground;
And ſtill increaſing, thick and faſt,
'Till all is laid a dazzling waſte.
The fields in downy white appear,
(Which oft betrays the timid hare)
Clad with a carpet of pure white,
With ſparkling luſtre, peerleſs bright!

Now ſometimes hail! like ſhots deſcend,
The rattling vollies wide extend;
And cut the early buds away,
That ſoon would bloom to ſpring's glad ray:
But now lie wither'd on the ground,
While falls the ſtony ſhow'r around.

Nature, at length, grown cold and faint,
Puts off her lucid veil of paint:
The vallies mourn; the mountains weep;
The guſhing tears run down the ſteep:
The trees ſhake off their glitt'ring flakes;
The ſouth wind breathes along the lakes;
Myriads of melting gems appear,
In atoms, floating thro' the air.
The icicles are waxen weak;
The captive ſtreams their fetters break;
The ſnowy mountains now decay;
The icy iſlands roll away;
Large ſheets of ſnow ſhoot from the hills,
And the impatient river fills.

And yet 'tis true, bleak winter reigns
Tremendous o'er the chilly plains:
Where is the vegetable tribe?
Where is the ſpacious meadow's pride?
Where is the woodland's tuneful throng?
And where is Philomela's ſong?
All loſt at winter's meagre ſight!
Dumb is the chantreſs of the night:
The trees ſtand naked to the blaſt;
The dales are laid a ſwampy waſte;

And languid nature ſeems to mourn
That beauteous ſpring doth not return.

By winter we may wiſely ſcan,
The picture of decaying man:
Short is his ſpring's revolving length;
And ſhort his ſummer's ardent ſtrength;
Then fading autumn paves the way
To winter's ſhiv'ring, laſt decay:
Bow'd down with age he quits his dome,
And joins the tenants of the tomb.

South Petherton, January 5. W. GIFFORD.

ADDRESS *to the* SUPREME BEING.

IMMORTAL KING! from all mutation free!
Whoſe endleſs being ne'er began to be;
Who ne'er was nothing—who was ever all,
Whoſe kingdom did not riſe, and cannot fall;
On a myſterious throne, high rais'd above,
E'en the fair change which heavenly orders prove!
While their bright excellence progreſſive grew,
He perfect was—ne'er imperfection knew!
Ere worlds began, with boundleſs goodneſs bleſt,
Ne'er needed to be better—always beſt!
The penſive muſe, who thus a mournful ſigh
Hath paid to ſtars that fall, and flow'rs that die;
While the ſhort glories brief as fair ſhe mourns,
To Him, the Great Endurer, joyful turns.
Glad ſhe adores, depreſs'd by gloomy wanes,
That undecreaſing light, who all ordains;
On Him ſhe leans, reliev'd from withering things,
And his immortal counſel raptur'd ſings:
That ſcheme of good, which all that dies ſurvives,
Whate'er decays, for ever fair that thrives;
Whoſe progreſs, adverſe fates and proſperous chance,
Virtue and vice, and good and ill advance,
Which draws new ſplendour from all mortal gloom,
Which all that fades, but feeds with riper bloom;
Each human fall but props, each fall ſucceeds,
And all that fancy deems obſtruction—ſpeeds:
In nature's beauteous frame, as cold and heat,
And moiſt and dry, and light and darkneſs meet.
Harmonious in the moral ſyſtem—join
Pleaſure and pain, and glory and decline!

Sonnet, written March 8, 1801, deſcending a Mountain near Coimbra.

YE fir-crown'd cliffs, as mournfully I wind
Among your moſſy crags, my penſive ear
Elfrida's parting accent ſeems to hear:
'Tis but the cedar o'er your rock reclin'd.
Her neck in ſorrow droop'd beneath the ſhade
Of her fine hair; and as ſhe ſigh'd "farewell,"
Her dark blue eyes were bath'd in tears, that fell
On her fair boſom—'mid the foreſt glade,
Where the dim convent's ſpiry turrets frown,
Ting'd by the fading beam, the ſiſters breathe
Their oriſons; and hark! the woods beneath
In echoes faint reply: my ſpirits own
Its influence, as the ſoft religious lay
Floats on the ev'ning breeze, and dies away.